

# Union League Club Chicago

February 22, 1900

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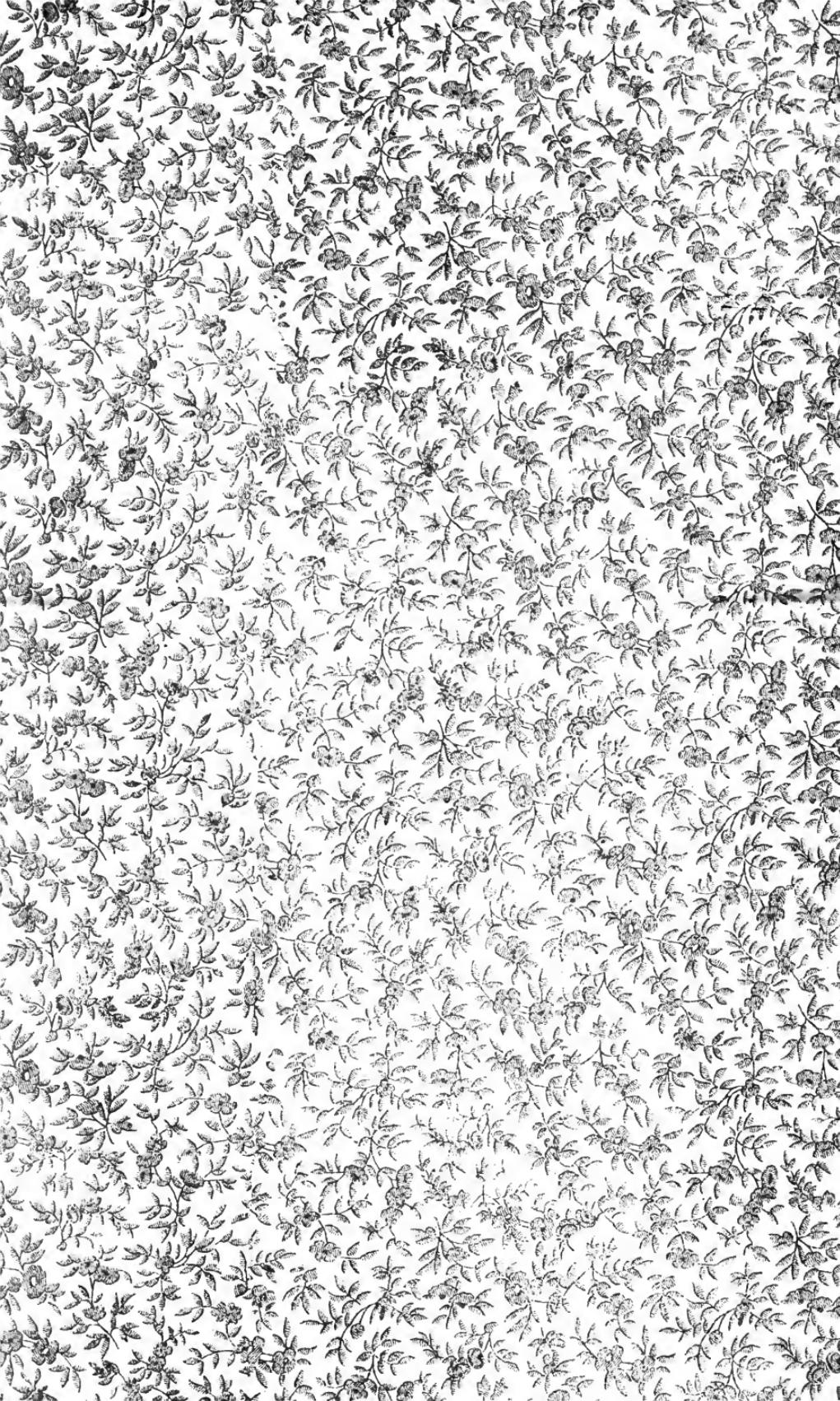
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UNION LEAGUE CLUB, CHICAGO.

# UNION LEAGUE CLUB

CHICAGO

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## EXERCISES IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

# BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 22, 1900



"To inculcate a higher appreciation of the value and sacred obligations of American citizenship."—ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

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THE exercises of February 22, 1900, under the auspices of the Union League Club of Chicago, in commemoration of the birthday of Washington, were:

In the morning, celebrations at forty-seven of the Chicago Public Schools, presided over and addressed by members of the Club.

Music was in charge of the music teachers of the Chicago Public Schools.

In the afternoon, Address at the Auditorium, by the Hon. Jacob Gould Schurman, before the members of the Club and their invited guests.

In the evening, banquet and speeches in the dining-room of the Club House.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB

CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

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The Auditorium—Three o'clock.

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“Star Spangled Banner”	- - - - -	The Audience
Invocation,	- - - - -	Rev. William J. McCaughan
“Red White and Blue,”	- - - - -	The Audience
Introductory Remarks,	The President of the Union League Club	
Oration, “Expansion”	- - - - -	Hon. Jacob Gould Schurman
“America”	- - - - -	The Audience

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EXERCISES AT THE AUDITORIUM.

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The usual celebration was held in the Auditorium in the afternoon. The building was filled long before the time set for the commencement, and great enthusiasm was displayed.

After an organ solo by Professor Harrison M. Wild, the Hyde Park Young Ladies' Glee Club sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," the audience joining heartily in the chorus.

The chaplain of the day, the Rev. William J. McCaughan, then offered the following prayer, the audience remaining standing.

"God over all; blessed forever; we come to Thee with thanksgiving; we praise Thy great name for all Thy goodness and Thy love. We thank Thee for the memory of the brave and true who have lived and loved and fought and died for honor and righteousness. We pray Thee to grant that the recollection of their actions may inspire us to do better than we have done. We pray for this land. Grant Thy blessing upon the president of these United States. Surround him with counsellors wise and patriotic, so that the affairs of this great commonwealth may be directed for the honor of Thy name and for the good of this world. And all we ask is in Christ's name. Amen."

After "The Red, White and Blue" had been sung by the entire audience, led by the glee club, the speaker of the day was introduced by President Eugene Cary in the following words:

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT CARY  
AT THE AUDITORIUM, FEB. 22, 1900.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We are assembled here, the members and guests of the Union League Club, to do homage to the memory of Washington and to celebrate the day which gave him birth. It is needless to dispute with others as to his rank in minor things. We know that for us and for our country his

is the greatest name that lives; that in the grand struggle and march for freedom he was humanity's greatest leader, and that through us as a nation he gave to the world its chiefest example of republican self-government. And now that his greatness is acknowledged and his praises sung the world round, our hearts swell with pride and gratitude that he is ours; our countryman; our great American; our Washington. Not the safe and invincible General merely, not the wise first President, but George Washington, the sublime personality, greatest seen when all props and scaffoldings of rank and station are torn away.

Appreciating the value of national holidays and the celebration of great national events and characters in keeping alive and stimulating a national spirit, without which there can be little sense or sentiment of patriotism, the Union League Club has adopted Washington's birthday for annual celebration, as being the day best suited to its purpose as a non-partisan and purely patriotic body in organization and aim. For to this shrine all the people may bring their offerings of devotion without distinction of race or creed or party. Accordingly on each recurring 22d of February the members of the Club, their guests and friends, come together here to join in celebrating the day with fitting ceremonies and to listen to an oration or address from some gentleman of distinction, generally eminent for learning and public service, on some theme of national interest suited to the occasion.

But the zeal and efforts of the Club do not end here. Appreciating that the best soil for the planting of useful seed is in the minds of the children, it invades the schools of our city with speakers and flags and music—has invaded some forty or fifty of them to-day—and with patriotic exercises, speeches and songs seeks to make the day so impressive, in fact exciting, that it shall dwell forever a pleasant memory in the minds of the children and be all through their lives a constant stimulant and inspiration of love of country and patriotic ardor. This is the work of the Union League Club on the 22d of February. If it had no other claim, this would be sufficient warrant for its existence and for your approval. But aside from this and in all proper ways it seeks to be a constant, helpful and patriotic factor in the life and affairs of our city and nation.

To address us to-day we are so fortunate as to have a gentleman distinguished not only for learning but for eminent public service recently rendered, the honored president of Cornell University and lately a Commissioner from this government to the Philippine Islands. His theme will be one on which instruction is both needful and timely. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce President Schurman, who will now address you.

### EXPANSION.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is now one hundred years since George Washington, whose birthday is the occasion of our assemblage, exchanging time for eternity, closed his eyes upon a world which had never entertained a nobler man, a braver general, or a wiser statesman. In less than the three-score and ten years allotted to human existence—from February 22, 1732, to December 14, 1799—he had lived a life and wrought a work which will cover his name with glory inextinguishable so long as this planet retains a memory for the heroic achievements of its most exalted sons. Indeed Washington has, as it were, incorporated himself into our continent; not only is it impossible to dissociate his name from America, but his high and serene spirit seems to preside over our national destinies. In his teachings and example, too, we have an invaluable and imperishable possession. Though

“the great world spin forever

Down the ringing grooves of change,”

we feel that Washington’s ideas of liberty, justice, and national righteousness must live undimmed and immutable in the hearts of every generation of Americans.

I trust there is no impropriety in devoting this hour of Washington’s birthday to reflections upon that larger world into which a century’s expansion has carried us. Bigness, it is true, is not greatness, and prosperity is not virtue, nor is the acquisition of territory growth in patriotism; but there is no incompatibility between these ends; indeed the greatest expansionist of the last century was George Washington himself.

Scientists tell us of the reversion of organic beings, after the

lapse of generations, to the form or habits of an earlier type. If this law of biology holds good in politics, as I believe it does, then our present Chief Magistrate in his policy of expansion would seem to have been possessed by the spirit of Washington, who extended the national domain from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, or of Jefferson, who, impelled by the same imperious instinct, trampled under foot his dearest political theories and secured for the Union that vast territory beyond the Mississippi where the flag now waves over the prosperous and intelligent citizens of a dozen populous states—states whose trade and wealth converging on the shores of this lake, have made possible the greatest miracle on the American continent: the rapid-rising, fast-growing, immense, rushing, roaring, powerful, and magnificent city of Chicago.

Chicago is the index of the modern world. It is the most conspicuous example and the most concentrated abstract of that expansive movement which characterizes the nineteenth century. With less than 30,000 people here in 1850, you had in 1870 nearly 300,000, and in 1890 over a million. I shall not venture to conjecture the population at the present time, but I suppose the largest estimates scarcely exceed the actual numbers, or if they do, so great and rapid is your increase that while the investigation continues the exaggeration ends. Nor is it a growth in population only; there has been a corresponding augmentation of wealth attended by an improvement in the general well-being, an extension and elevation of popular education, and an unprecedented multiplication and development of all those objects and institutions which mark and express the highest civilization.

Chicago is the product of the nineteenth century. And if this latest birth of time is an amazing and unparalleled phenomenon, so also is the epoch which produced it. This century is unlike all the centuries that have gone before. Our most distinguished scientist has christened it "the wonderful century." And so indeed it is, not merely in the free hyperbole of popular speech, but in the severe exactitude of scientific description. For a miracle is a departure from established ways, and the whole history of mankind shows nothing that could have augured the intellectual and material achievements of the last three generations. How shall I describe them? What is

the token of this wonderful century? I say, in a word, expansion—a boundless extension of human knowledge and a vast enlargement of human power. In this century, for the first time, the might of intellect has given man dominion over the forces of nature. That kingdom of man which Bacon foretold and Shakespeare pictured in immortal verse has come. It is here. Man is no longer the sport of nature but her master. With the magic wand of science he has subdued air, fire, water, steam, and electricity; and those titanic forces, like obedient servants, now wait upon him, serve him, and do his bidding. The miracle of the nineteenth century is the systematic harnessing of all the powers of nature to do the will of man. And for this stupendous achievement you will not find an equivalent even in the combined arts and sciences of all the preceding centuries though you go back to the dawn of history or perhaps even to the stone age itself. The nineteenth century is the mountain of transfiguration for progressive humanity.

You will not expect me, and indeed I confess I am not competent, to describe the great scientific discoveries which have changed the face of modern life and civilization. Varied and significant as they are, however, they may all be reduced to a dozen fundamental principles like the law of the conservation of energy, the doctrine of organic evolution, and the germ theory of zymotic diseases. These principles, which are the work of the nineteenth century, excel both in number and importance the scientific discoveries of all preceding ages. I mean that the last three generations have learned more about the universe in which we live than all the earlier generations of mankind. Why the modern astronomer, by means of spectrum analysis, takes the heat and reads the elements of the stars, and even ascertains the existence and determines the rate of motion of stellar bodies which no eye has seen and no telescope can reveal; and, extending his explorations through the sublime abysses of infinite space, demonstrates that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least 75,000,000 worlds!

And then what marvelous inventions this century has originated! The Roentgen rays have rendered opaque objects transparent. The photograph catches and preserves forms and colors as the phonograph does sounds. Primitive modes of producing and utilizing artificial light remained to the close of the

eighteenth century; and lighting by means of lamps with chimneys, then by gas, and more recently by electricity, renders the nineteenth century, which made those new departures, more fruitful in the field of domestic and public illumination than the whole preceding period since fire was first taken into the service of mankind. And what shall I say of the telegraph and the telephone, the one transmitting words and the other speech with the rapidity of lightning? In the eighteenth century the letter or the messenger was the only medium of communication with persons at a distance, as it had been through all the centuries since picture-writing or hieroglyphics were first invented. Naturally intercourse was slow, precarious, infrequent, and difficult. But the telegraph and telephone have annihilated distance, made the round globe a whispering gallery, and brought all that dwell upon it into communication with one another.

The creation of these marvelous methods of communication with our fellow-men all over the world has been accompanied by a similar revolution in methods of locomotion and transportation. Up to this century men or animals had been the carriers of travelers and of goods since the earliest historic and even prehistoric times. And the chariot in which the Bible tells us Pharaoh made Joseph ride, or the chariot in which, according to Homer, Telemachus traveled from Pylos to Sparta was not essentially different from the coach of George Washington. Traveling was not swifter or more convenient in the eighteenth century than it was in the first, when, indeed, the Roman had the advantage of better roads. But what a revolution the nineteenth century has effected by means of the railway and steam locomotive! Instead of carrying a few passengers at a maximum speed of ten or twelve miles an hour we now carry hundreds of passengers and tons of goods for unlimited distances at a speed of fifty or sixty miles an hour—and that too with economy, safety, and punctuality. A similar result has been produced by the use of steam for the propulsion of vessels, especially since the ocean voyage of the "Great Western" in 1838. Both on sea and land the methods of locomotion and transportation which had been used for thousands of years have been, not merely modified, but completely revolutionized by the astounding inventions and appliances of the nineteenth century. And nowhere have these mechanical developments been fuller and

richer, nowhere have the results of them been more astounding, than in the United States. Railroads have come into existence since 1830; in 1849 there were over 7,000 miles in operation in this country, in 1879 nearly 87,000, and in 1899 not less than 187,000. This is a greater railroad mileage than that of Europe, and the business done is not less, though our population is only one-fifth of the European. The growth of our shipping interests is scarcely less remarkable. The tonnage cleared at all our ports, both sail and steam, aggregated in 1859 scarcely 5,000,000; whereas in 1879 it had risen to 13,600,000, and in 1899 to over 26,000,000. The tonnage of vessels passing through the Sault Ste. Marie canal rose from 5,130,000 in 1888 to 18,622,000 in 1898, which is considerably greater than the combined tonnage of the Suez, North Sea and Manchester canals for the same year.

Expansion, I have said, is the characteristic note of the nineteenth century. It has been a century of expanding knowledge, a century of abounding invention, a century of amazing increase in the means of communication and transportation.

But marvelous as are these phases of intellectual and material progress which have their origin in the nineteenth century, I suppose that modern life and civilization owe a still larger debt to the wonderful development during the same period of all forms of labor-saving machinery, which it was the glory of the eighteenth century to have invented and in simple ways to have applied. The cotton industry has been revolutionized by the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Whitney, and their successors. In 1791 the world produced a million bales of cotton, of which only about 5,000 were raised in the United States. In 1799 this country produced 89,000 bales; in 1879 over 5,000,000, and in 1899 about 11,500,000. At the beginning of the century our cotton product was an infinitesimal fraction of the world's total supply; at the close of the century we are raising nine-tenths of the cotton of the world. And the number of our spindles has increased from 4,000 in 1805 to nearly 18,000,000 at the present time.

Our industrial development, however, rests primarily on iron and steel. And nothing is more remarkable than the improvements which this century has witnessed in the methods of producing them. These improvements, which are associated

with the names of Cort, Neilson, Siemens, and especially Bessemer, culminated in the method of converting pig iron and iron ore into steel by means of the blast furnace without resort to the cumbersome intermediate processes which had formerly been indispensable. Steel can now be produced as cheaply as iron was formerly; and labor-saving machinery is thus made possible for every branch of manufacture, trade, and agriculture. As a consequence the power of production has been enormously increased. The universal cry for new markets is a direct result of our increased control over the resources of nature through the instrumentalities which iron and steel in particular supply. The iron and steel business is therefore at once the heart and the pulse of modern trade and commerce. And nowhere has there been a more surprising expansion. Our production of pig iron rose from 2,741,000 tons in 1879 to 7,600,000 in 1889, and touched the enormous figure of 13,640,000 tons, which was valued at \$149,734,000, in 1899. During the same two decades the production of iron ore increased from about 7,000,000 tons a year to over 25,000,000 (with a value of over \$50,000,000). Or, to drop figures, let me say that we are today making more than one-third of the world's iron and steel. This helps to explain the enormous increase observable in the output of bituminous coal, which in 1869 aggregated 17,664,000 tons, but which in 1899 was nearly ten times as much, namely, 170,410,000 tons.

These facts show the industrial supremacy of the United States. Our agricultural pre-eminence is an old story, and we still grow one-fifth of the world's wheat and seven-eighths of its corn. But the rising, the overwhelming, tide of our manufactures is a comparatively new phenomenon. I will not trouble you with figures. Let me merely say that in 1870 our manufactures were about equal to the manufactures of Great Britain; and now they are equal to those of Great Britain, France, and Germany combined. A few years ago the cry was for the home market; but in addition to the home market we now need the markets of the world. Science, invention, and manufacturing have all expanded together. Our total exports of all kinds of domestic merchandise were valued at \$730,000,000 in 1889; in 1899 they were \$1,204,000,000. But the rate of increase of our exports of manufactures was much greater; for they rose from \$139,000,000 in 1889 to \$339,000,000 in 1899, of which an advance

from \$21,000,000 to \$94,000,000 was due to the enormous increase in the exports of manufactures of iron and steel. I cannot speak (for there is not time) of copper and its products, the exports of which have increased from \$3,800,000 in 1888 to \$32,200,000 in 1898; or of leather and its products, whose export values were \$9,500,000 in 1888 and \$21,100,000 in 1898; or of agricultural implements, locomotives, and fertilizers, the value of whose exports have trebled during the same decade. But I must say a word regarding another important product. We now furnish nearly half of the world's supply of crude petroleum and two-thirds of its refined illuminating oil. Since the reorganization of the Standard Oil Company in 1872 the aggregate value of the exports of petroleum up to 1898 was \$1,246,848,000. This enormous expansion of trade has been due to science, to invention, to labor, to brains, but not less to the efficacy of combined capital and consolidated management, which is revolutionizing the producing and distributing business of the closing years of the nineteenth century.

The accumulated capital of the country beggars all description. It has more than trebled since 1870; and it is now increasing at the rate of \$2,000,000,000 a year. This means a greatly accelerated activity and a prodigious expansion in production and distribution. An indication of the rapidly swelling tide of business is furnished by the transactions of the New York Clearing House, whose clearings in 1889 aggregated \$37,606,000,000 and in 1899 not less than \$60,682,000,000.

To such unparalleled expansion in finance, in manufacturing, in agriculture have we attained at the close of this wonderful century. I beg the practical man to remember that it is due primarily to those great discoveries regarding the forces and laws of nature by which the men of the nineteenth century have eclipsed the aggregate scientific achievements of all the preceding generations of mankind. I do not, of course, forget that capital, skill, and labor have been co-operating causes in producing this expansion, which every day gathers fresh strength. The momentum it has already acquired is carrying us forward at an incredible velocity. To slacken the speed or contract the volume of this movement would be, not only to surrender the supremacy which we have achieved in material civilization, or not merely to reduce the profits on invested capital; it would be

something still more disastrous, it would involve the diminution of wages and the lowering of the standard of living of the American laborer, who is the representative of the American people. Such an issue must be averted at all hazards. And just here comes the problem of problems for our statesmen, our thinkers, and our great captains of industry. Our power of production having outrun our capacity to consume and being all the time on the increase, and the old markets of the world being glutted by the products of all civilized nations, what new outlets are there for our waxing productivity, what new fields for the reception of the surplus commodities we multiply so rapidly and at a constantly declining cost? This is the question put to the American people by the Sphinx of the twentieth century. And the life of the nation in no small degree depends on the answer.

It is true that the markets of the world are limited. And I sometimes speculate how Yankee inventiveness is to find an outlet when the economic wants of all nations are satisfied. For with our present command of nature's forces and resources our power of production is of almost infinite extent. Perhaps we shall in the future manufacture for some other world and send our commodities through the air by means of trackless cars. But at present we are restricted to this little planet. And here the only peoples who have yet reached the manufacturing stage, the only peoples who do not compete with us in their own markets, are the vast populations of South America, Africa, and especially of Asia. In consequence of circumstances which I shall not stop to describe, both Great Britain and Germany have got ahead of us in the markets of South America; but if our manufacturers will follow foreign example in adapting their products to local tastes and needs, I see no obstacle in the way of our securing a fair share—and that will be the lion's share—of that hitherto undeveloped and neglected business. As to Africa the case is different. We have allowed—in my judgment it was a great mistake—but in our blind idolatry of what was called, though erroneously, the Monroe doctrine, in our devotion to the stay-at-home policy of the eighteenth century, in our intense desire to avoid all international obligations, we have allowed the great nations of Europe to partition out Africa among themselves and exclude American products by means of discriminating tariffs devised to secure for their own manufac-

turers a monopoly of the new markets. I say we stood unconcernedly by and remained silent while those vast possibilities of expanding trade were one by one extinguished. For justification we cited some abstract theory of non-intervention in the affairs of the Old World; and no one could pretend that Africa was in our hemisphere! Our blunder was in our failure to recognize that science and invention and steam and electricity have, since the days of Washington and Jefferson, made the whole world one, and every part of it, for commercial purposes, a possible province of the United States.

But the psychological moment has passed. In Africa we shall have only such trading rights and privileges as the European overlords may be graciously pleased to vouchsafe us. Happily Asia remained—Asia, the largest, richest, and most populous of the unoccupied markets of the world. All eyes were on China, with its splendid, inexhaustible, and undeveloped natural resources and its 400,000,000 people strangely stirring with a new and mighty life. England made a great effort to keep its trade doors open, but she failed. And Englishmen in the East, as I well recall from conversations with them in Shanghai, Canton, and Hong Kong, gave way to discouragement, which almost verged on despair. With France on the south, Germany on the east, and the Russian bear's paw over all the north, the independence and territorial integrity of China trembled in the balance; yet if her sovereignty collapsed, if those European powers divided up and appropriated that vast empire, their several annexations would have been closed to American trade and commerce.

That this disaster to our industries has been averted you owe to the prescience, wisdom, and skill of the statesman who to-day worthily fills the chair of Washington. Thanks to the brilliant and truly memorable diplomacy of the present administration the great nations of Europe have agreed—and agreed in writing—that whatever political or territorial policies they may pursue in China, the open door to trade, the equal commercial rights and privileges we now enjoy with them, shall remain intact and inviolable. And we had scarcely recovered from our surprise and admiration over this high achievement of American diplomacy when we were once more smitten with astonishment at the success of the administration's negotiations for the construc-

tion of an interoceanic canal under American control. Here is the long-desired highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, needed more than ever since the Pacific is now destined to be, through the mingling of Occident and Orient under the new agency of the United States the theatre of the next great act in the divine drama of the life and development of humanity.

I said a little while ago that the expansion of American industries and capital called for new markets in another world. And, lo, the teeming populations of the Orient have been secured as permanent customers! Let us enter in and possess this vast commercial estate. But you must study the needs, the sentiments, and the prejudices of the Oriental and give him exactly what he has been accustomed to and what he wants. Afterward you may try new departures; once established in his markets you may venture with novelties to create new wants; but at the outset you must take him as he is and cater to his tastes, for in no other way will you secure his trade. Considering the pre-eminence of our natural resources and the superiority of our skill and labor, as well as the advantage of our proximity to Asia—for China is just across the “pond” at our back door, which may one day become our front door—I believe that no one has painted in too roseate hues the possibilities of commercial expansion in the Orient. Here is, as it were, a foreordained field for the surplus products of your teeming industries. And it opened up at the very time when the old limits were beginning to prove oppressive.

What was the secret of our success in compelling European nations to stand by the policy of the open door in China? Some powerful cause there certainly was; for England had failed in a similar attempt only two or three years ago. We should not have succeeded at that time either; indeed we should not have essayed the task; and had any political leader suggested it he might have been denounced as a renegade to the Monroe doctrine. But in the short space of two years the political horizon of the American people has undergone an immense expansion; the astonished nations have seen us become an Asiatic power. American diplomacy triumphed in China because the American flag waved in the Philippines. That commercial expansion which the marvelous growth of your capital and industries had rendered indispensable to the continued vitality of the nation

was heralded by the roar of Dewey's guns, asserted by the brilliant feats of your armies under Otis, MacArthur, and the heroic Lawton, and finally established and secured by an international agreement which will render this administration illustrious in all the annals of American diplomacy.

We waged a war—a justifiable and righteous war if ever there was one in history—for the liberation of Cuba from the yoke of Spanish oppression. And into our reluctant lap the hand of destiny dropped the Philippines! Saul went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. It was our aim to drive an effete European nation from the American continent; the unavoidable result was to make us an Asiatic power.

I sometimes think that the greatest events in history were neither intended nor desired by man.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough hew them as we will."

The most potent factor in the making of this Republic was the acquisition of the trans-Mississippi territory. Yet Jefferson did not want it; his agents in Paris apologized for taking it; the constraining force was the necessity of Napoleon. I suppose England's greatest, certainly her most striking, achievement is the conquest of India. Yet we have the word of Seeley for it that nothing great done by Englishmen was ever done so blindly, so unintentionally, so accidentally. In reading the history of the Roman Empire I cannot resist the conviction that circumstances—not infrequently circumstances of a physical character—had as much to do with the rearing of that vast and imposing fabric as the policies of Roman statesmen or the victories of Roman generals.

I should be the last man alive to belittle the freedom of the human will. I believe it is a divine and truly creative power in man. But the circle of freedom is small, and it is beset at every point by the pressure of necessity. You are free to do a particular act or to forbear; but if you do it, the forces of nature or society sweep it beyond your control and beget results which perhaps you particularly deprecate. The same law is true of the doings of nations. Two years ago our government was free to hold in leash or to let loose the dogs of war; but when once a decision was reached and the fateful word spoken, forces and circumstances beyond the reach of man's will largely determined

the course of the conflict and the nature of the final issue.

You must test men and nations, not by their capacity to control the forces of the world, but by the courage with which they face their destinies. The Philippines came to us as an unavoidable result of the war with Spain; we have accepted them, and, with the aid of Providence, we propose to discharge our responsibilities for them. We never dreamed of territorial expansion when the war began; we did not desire it when the war closed; but both the well-being of the Filipinos and the peace of the world forbade our leaving the Archipelago a derelict in those eastern waters, the sport of the typhoons and earthquakes of internal and external politics, and imperiously demanded that where Dewey had planted our flag there it should remain—the pledge and emblem of peace, order, prosperity, and liberty enlightening the eastern world.

I have said that although the domain of the United States has been enlarged in consequence of the war with Spain, that enlargement was neither intended nor desired when the war began. The sole object of the conflict was to end the long and bitter oppression of the people of Cuba. But since territorial expansion has followed, we are not dismayed by it. We recognize that we live in an age of empire-building. Since the downfall of Rome no such mighty empires have reared themselves on our planet as Britain and Russia. The one extends through half of Europe and Asia, the other is potent in all the continents of the globe. And this Republic of ours—has it dwelt contentedly within its ancient limits? Nay, territorial expansion has been the law of its life. The earlier generations spread from the Pacific to the Alleghenies, and thence to the Mississippi River; the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 opened up the country to the Rocky Mountains; next followed the cession of Florida in 1819, the Texas annexation in 1845, the cession by Mexico of the Pacific slope in 1848, and then the purchase of the detached territory of Alaska in 1867. Up to the purchase of Alaska all annexations had been of contiguous continental territory; and in all cases, including Alaska, the domains annexed were so sparsely settled that they might almost be described as unpeopled, and they were immediately occupied by men of our own race either from the older states or from Europe. But in 1898 we annexed Hawaii, which is largely peopled by

Asiatic and other alien races. No American who has stopped at Honolulu in crossing the Pacific will regret the annexation of this unique oceanic emporium, this solitary and invaluable outpost and station between Asia and America. It is, no doubt, a long way from Plymouth Rock and James River. But the sons of the cavaliers and Puritans who have seen the nation expand from those far eastern foci across the continent and half way towards the Orient cannot be expected to shed tears or sit down in despair because the flag has been carried to the coast of Asia and now waves over 1,800 islands and is big with blessing for 8,000,000 Filipinos!

The expansion of the United States has furnished a new and important political lesson to mankind. Up to the nineteenth century it was universally believed that vast political aggregates have an inherent tendency to self-dissolution. This supposed law found confirmation in the fate of the most extensive empires known to history—the empire of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius and the empire of Alexander the Great. But if we analyze historical causes, instead of blindly citing historical precedents, we shall see that there are two principles indispensable to stability of a political organism—local home rule and centralized government—and that while the political genius of Rome knew how to secure concert of action even on a gigantic scale, it sacrificed local self-government, and that while the political genius of Greece was devoted to local rights and liberties it so completely identified the city with the state that its so-called empire was nothing but a mechanical aggregation of independent commonwealths, which made permanent concert of action absolutely impossible. Even Aristotle laid it down that the state must be of moderate population; because, “who could command in war, if the population were excessive, or what herald short of a Stentor could speak to them?” Now the example of the United States has shown that, thanks to steam and electricity which abolish distance, the modern state admits of unbounded territorial organization without loss of supreme control at the center or of local self-government in any of the members. The federal organization of our republic, with a wise distribution of the powers and functions of government to the states and to the Union, is the explanation of this miracle in politics. And it is a miracle without parallel. For though the English colonies

enjoy self-government they are not organized as integral parts of the British empire, and though Russia wields a strong hand from St. Petersburg, the conglomerate races which constitute the Russian empire are not self-governing. The equipoise between central sovereignty and local independence is the balance wheel of the American system. This is our contribution to the politics of the world. And this is the surest guaranty of the permanence of our Republic.

Now this organization of the United States under which unbounded territorial extension may be reconciled with a solid union and full local liberties furnishes the solution of our political problem in the Philippine Islands. The Commission, of which I had the honor to be president, has recommended that the Filipinos be given a form of territorial government more liberal even than that which Jefferson bestowed upon the people of the territory of Louisiana. And, as Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, I should think that every one might be convinced that the recommendation of the Commission was sufficiently liberal. The President has adopted this recommendation and is making arrangements to put it into immediate effect. Do you think the Filipinos will fare badly under a government more liberal than that enjoyed by some of our former territories? Is there any melting heart here that pities a people so circumstanced? Pity a people you have redeemed from foreign and domestic oppression! Pity a people over whom your flag waves with the blessings of freedom and civilization! For my part I can only congratulate them on their unparalleled good fortune.

Besides the mourners and pessimists, however, I must say a word about the Jingoes. Now the Jingoes are a sect who hold that everything is ours that we can lay hands on, and that other people have no rights which we need respect. Their philosophy of the Philippine question is exceedingly simple. It is this: Greed in their own hearts, Gold in the Philippines, and God in heaven to satisfy the appetite with its desired object! The inhabitants of the Archipelago, of whom there are some 8,000,000, never enter into their calculations; or if they do, it is simply as material for exploitation or food for bullets. Eight million Filipinos with no legal or moral rights that we need consider! Eight million immortal souls to be treated as mere

chattels! Yet this is the gospel of the Jingoes. "Let us pass them by," as the wise guide directed in regard to that peculiarly repulsive class in Dante's Inferno. Fortunately their number is small, and the American people will in due time punish them for their infamy.

The instinct of expansion, as Matthew Arnold has well said, is the basis of human civilization. But this instinct, though indispensable to any progress in civilization, would if left to itself yield nothing higher than the supremacy of brute strength and cunning. The other conditions of civilization, the claimants which man must satisfy before he can be humanized, are virtue and piety, liberty and justice, knowledge, art, and the power of social life and manners. If we are a civilized nation our mission in the Philippines must be the promotion of this civilization. A stronger, and, I believe, a higher will than ours set us in that distant archipelago. What if the divine purpose be the extension of our free institutions and of all that is best in our civilization throughout the Orient? As the object of the divine government of the world seems to be, according to Lessing, the education of the human race, what if we are called to be the agents of that purpose in the Philippine Islands? I know not. These themes are too high for us. But I know and you know that we cannot be true to ourselves, or loyal to the new obligations that have come upon us, unless we recognize that this last expansion of our Republic is a summons to work for the material, intellectual, and moral elevation of the Filipinos, to teach them to practice in ever-growing measure the unwonted lessons of self-government, and by so doing to make our flag, which is already the symbol of irresistible power, the star of promise and the emblem of benediction to all the oppressed peoples of the awakening Orient.

AFTER DINNER  
AT THE CLUB

TOASTS

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The Orator of the Day,	- - - - -	The President
Response,	- - - - -	Hon. Jacob Gould Schurman
Greater America,	- - - - -	Genl. W. H. L. Barnes
Great in War,	- - - - -	Rev. William J. McCaughan
Lafayette,	- - - - -	Mr. John Maxey Zane
The Old Flag,	- - - - -	Hon. Murray F. Smith
The East and West,	- - - - -	Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff

Introductions of the speakers by President Cary and their responses to the several toasts were as follows:

#### THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

PRESIDENT CARY: Gentlemen of the Union League Club: In introducing the speakers this evening, I shall not deem it necessary to give their biographies. If they are orators the fact will appear. If they have messages for you they will be duly delivered. Of the orator of the day, nothing that I could say would add anything to your appreciation of his great performance of this afternoon; of our sense of the honor and service he has done us. He is at the head of one of the great educational institutions of this country, an institution which has come to play a very large part in the educational, and I may say, in the higher sense, the political life of this country. I esteem it a fortunate thing that the heads of these great educational institutions and their professors are coming to take an active part in public affairs, and that the head of our nation is turning to them to find fitting representatives of this government at foreign posts, and especially when service requiring learning, research and judicial fairness is required. I think and we all feel that President McKinley, in inviting our guest of the evening, the orator of the day, to stand at the head of the Philippine Commission, not only did honor to himself, but great credit to the country as well as great service. It only remains for me as President of the Club, in your behalf, to publicly thank the orator of the day for the honor and service that he has done us this day and by being with us this evening. I take great pleasure in again introducing to you Hon. Jacob Gould Schurman.

HON. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Union League Club: I do not feel that I should be expected to make much of a speech this evening. If you knew how I enjoyed this delicious dinner, how little I have thought of what I am going to say now, I do not believe you would want me to occupy much of your time. It has been a good dinner—a delicious dinner. I wish it had been protracted.

I think of a speech I once heard a great orator make. It was Wendell Phillips. It was my good fortune to hear him after I had heard some of the great orators of the English-speaking world, Gladstone and Mr. Spurgeon, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, and Henry Ward Beecher. It was a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard. After the delivery of the oration there was a luncheon of the Phi Beta Kappa, and the orator of the day was called upon for a speech. It is a number of years ago now, but I remember very distinctly what he said. He said to them: "There was once a man accused of murder. The case came up for trial, and the jury were ready to acquit unanimously, but the man asked permission to speak, and the man was convicted of murder and hanged." Now I escaped. I escaped once today. I have had an exceedingly kind and generous set of men as my auditors and critics, and I do not think under the circumstances, Mr. President, I should do more than thank you, sir, and the members of the Union League, for the great pleasure which I have enjoyed in visiting you, the honor that it has been to me to speak under your auspices and the generous and flattering reception you have awarded me; but if I were to add anything to this present expression of thanks, it would be to say that the toast before you is probably not in reference to any individual, but describes rather a type. The orator of the day, of this day—and oh, what an opportunity he has! I thank God I live in this age. There has been nothing like it since the Civil War. What opportunities there will be for oratory in the next ten or fifteen years. But, gentlemen, for oratory you need the occasion and the man. I do not find that Greek oratory flourished throughout all Greek history. It flourished in the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ, when the Greek state was undergoing a great revolution. It flourished in the days of Sophocles and Pericles. It flourished in the days of Demosthenes, who sent out his fulminations against Philip, because Philip was undermining the liberties of the Greek cities and state. And I do not find that oratory flourished from the founding of the city of Rome down to the Close of the Roman Empire. It flourished when the provinces were oppressed, and Cicero pronounced his condemnation against the oppressors. And I do not find, as I read English history, that oratory flourished from William the Conqueror to the eighteenth century. It flourished in the

eighteenth century when England lost the American thirteen colonies. This was the age of Pitt and the great English orators whom you know. So that I believe that for the production of an orator you need an occasion; and for us, believe me, the occasion has just come. I think it is Matthew Arnold that complained of the monotony of American life; everybody looked alike; everybody read the same newspapers; the cities were all built alike. Mr. President, we have brought eighty-four new tribes under the American flag during the last year! The monotony is of the past, but oh, what a variety in the future! And then there can be no oratory without truth-telling. I heard from a colleague of mine the other day the greatest condemnation I ever heard of an oration. A man made a speech on a certain subject—I will not mention what, or you might locate who the speaker was—and my colleague said it was meant to be an oration, but it lacked the first element of an oration—sincerity. There is no oratory without truth. The man who wants to be an orator must believe something and be determined that other people shall be convinced of the truth that is burning in his own heart. And the orator of the day must be a man who sees where the intellectual and moral aspect of things is deepest in human nature. It is conscience that makes cowards of us all when we do wrong. If you appeal to humanity you must take men on the moral side. That is what made Gladstone the power he was in English history for two generations. Conscience may sometimes get strangely twisted, so that Carlyle said of him: "The trouble with Gladstone is that he is all conscience, and he can make anything he likes a matter of conscience." That is a disaster indeed, but there can be no oratory without conscience; and we are going to have just such issues in right and wrong in great public matters during the next few years.

It is to be settled within the next few years whether we shall treat the people of the Philippine Islands and the people of Puerto Rico justly and generously, or whether we shall exploit them for our own convenience, and for the enrichment of certain classes. The cry of our next political campaign will be, "Anti-Imperialism" and "Anti-trust," and I believe, sir, with reference to Puerto Rico, that President McKinley is right, and that Congress is wrong.

Perhaps you will permit me, when I tell you I am a Repub-

lican—perhaps you will permit me to say that I see no such danger before the Republican party in the forthcoming campaign as this; that its critics will say, if this congressional measure now pending goes through, that some of the greatest trusts of the country went to Congress and forbade it to pass the humanitarian and equitable recommendation of the President of the United States.

We hold Puerto Rico, and we hold the Philippine Islands in trust for the benefit of their inhabitants. We are now on trial before the forum of the world. The world has witnessed great experiments. It has seen England lose her thirteen colonies, now the United States of America, because she would govern them for her interests and not for theirs; and we shall lose and deserve to lose, our new possessions, unless we learn to govern them in their interest and not in ours.

But, Mr. President, I have confidence in the good sense, and in the sense of justice of the American people, and I believe that they will back the President of the United States in his just and equitable recommendation regarding the Island of Puerto Rico.

I thank you, sir, for the great kindness which you and this Club have shown me during my stay, and I will ask you to drink with me the health of the President of the Club. May his reign be prosperous!

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#### GREATER AMERICA.

PRESIDENT CARY: We of Chicago are accustomed to look upon our city as being an epitome of the whole country, in its courage, energy, enterprise, marvelous growth and varied characteristics, but you will remember it is told of one of our chiefest romancers that he laid down and died of a broken heart because he said he could not invent a lie so large about Chicago that it did not fall short of the actual truth. If to do justice to Chicago was so impossible, even with the aid of romance, we can well appreciate the task of him who undertakes to speak of the whole country, of which Chicago is but a feeble type. We know what America was in the time of Washington, and with what wide vision and confident hope he contemplated its expanded growth and glory. What the "Greater America" of today is will now be told us by California's famous lawyer and

orator and most eminent citizen, Genl. W. H. L. Barnes, of San Francisco.

GENL. W. H. L. BARNES: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Union League Club of Chicago: When I received several months since the invitation of the Secretary of the Committee on Public Speakers to be present with you on this occasion, to-night seemed far away and Chicago a vast distance from the Pacific Coast. I wondered how I should get on in a community whose members were all strangers to me; and I entered the limited train that passes from the chief city of the Pacific Coast to this pivotal metropolis of the nation with many misgivings. But as I came over the splendid railways that connect the western ocean with the great lakes, in comfort and luxury; well fed all the way, and lying down at night to rest as comfortably as though I was under my own roof tree, confident that on the immense machine that headed the train was one of those heroes of modern transportation—the American engineer, grimy as a soldier in battle, blear-eyed with the wind and rain, with hand upon the lever, and evermore watching the perilous thread of the rails, I was proud of my American citizenship; and when I sat to-day in your magnificent Auditorium and looked at an American audience responding with such intense fervor to the splendid orator of the day, I was no longer a stranger, for I was among those who thought as I thought and felt as I felt, and as the songs of liberty rang from the stage and throughout the vast assemblage, and I heard that splendid chorus of sound as it shivered to the roof of the great building, I felt myself at home. I may seem a stranger to you, gentlemen, but you do not seem strangers to me. I have lost the sensation of the emigrant and I feel already as though I were native to the snow and slush and to the inclement sky that has been over us to-day. When I left the land of flowers and fruit; when I traveled out of the Sacramento Valley where the summer fallowed grain was already nine or ten inches high, and where the hills were blooming in the beauteous splendor of the crimson and yellow wild flowers of California; when I saw the trees budded out with the promise of an abundant fruitage, I wondered if I would feel cold in a Chicago mid-winter, but I have had no chilly moments. I am wearing the same integuments that protected me from the

balmy breezes of California and have gone about Chicago without a shiver. I think my heart has kept me warm.

The theme allotted to me, "Greater America," was indeed great, and I wished I were equal to the task of expounding it. When I revert to the history of this continent, not merely that of its later settlement by the Anglo-Saxon race, but to those earlier times that followed the daring voyage of the great Genoese navigator from Palos to the Bahamas; when I realize what power Spain then possessed; how her soldiers and sailors invaded this continent; how De Soto marched from Florida across the lower belt of the southern states and died an exile upon the banks of the Mississippi; how Cortez landed at Vera Cruz and with his little army captured the Empire of Mexico, where the Spaniard remained for three hundred years the master of the now awakening Republic; when I remember how Coronado and Corrillo sailed on the Pacific Coast further to the north than the present line of Oregon and never saw the Bay of San Francisco; how Magellen circumnavigated the globe and gave the name of his king to the archipelago where our soldiers are now fighting for the flag; when I remember that Sir Francis Drake at the close of the sixteenth century, cruising in search of Spanish merchantmen, discovered the harbor of San Francisco, and from a rivulet that flows to-day back of that Presidio of San Francisco where the armies of the nation have been encamped within the last two years, and where so many of its soldiers are buried in an already overcrowded cemetery, filled his casks with water and sailed away from such a scene and never thought enough of it upon his return to his native land to mention that he had discovered such a bay; when I remember how on the Atlantic Coast the Dutch prosecuted repeated explorations, and the French as well, I recognize that it was manifest destiny, as the orator of the day told us, that the Almighty God who holds the fate of mankind in the hollow of His divine hand, had made a reservation upon this continent for the English-speaking race that now inhabits it, I have been proud to feel that we are American citizens of this glorious land.

The sentiment speaks of "Greater" America. At what period was it greater than another? It was always great and is still in the comparative degree, Mr. President; not yet in the superlative, because when any nation is greatest and its tree of life be-

gins to die at the top, the age of its decadence and weakness has begun. America has not yet reached its superlative degree and I feel it never will until the banner of the stars and stripes shall at last be furled in the presence of the banner of the cross that hangs out upon the battlements of heaven.

It was a great America when Washington went to Cambridge and took command of the Continental armies. It was great when the mother country was fought to a standstill upon the ocean and the Continental armies marched victorious from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. It was a great epoch when the Treaty of Paris was signed and the United States of America was recognized as a power among nations, as an existing, free and independent government on the face of the earth. Probably the men of that time thought that the recognition of our Republic by the mother country was a signal point in its career and would remain forever the greatest subject of national pride and congratulation. It was still greater when, in the War of 1812, the young Republic for the second time challenged the British Empire to the conflict of battle and on sea and lake, from Baltimore to New Orleans, marked new fields of victory and made new history for the American flag and American principles. America became greater when Mr. Jefferson, by Treaty with the French Emperor, obtained control of the navigation of the Mississippi River, yet many of the thinking men of his time opposed the policy of Jefferson; denounced his statesmanship, and honestly questioned the capacity of the American Constitution for extension over the vast territory then acquired.

As I crossed this waterway thirty-six hours ago I thought that if the great Republican had yielded to the pessimists and the timid of his time—if he had shrunk from taking into the possession and control of the United States the immense territory of Louisiana, I might never have been a citizen of California, and those who lived on this side of the Mississippi looking across its waters would behold a long line of fortresses defended by the armies and guns of some foreign power disputing our right to travel on its waters, except by humiliating treaties with it. But who doubts now that Mr. Jefferson, by the Treaty of 1803, performed an act of greatest grandeur and almost superhuman wisdom that will endear his name to posterity as long as there shall be upon the continent a remnant of the race that now inhabits it?

It was greater America when we succeeded in driving out the Spanish buccaneers from Florida and for five million dollars paid to American citizens for Spanish spoliation, acquired the title of Spain to that wonderful peninsula.

We hear a good deal of talk to-day of the crime of taking possession of foreign territory without the consent of its inhabitants, or its acquisition by treaty, yet the United States government was compelled to resort to the same species of peace making in order to reduce to obedience the Seminole Indians who lived in the swamps and everglades of Florida, and whose territory we took by treaty with Spain without asking their permission. It cost this country a seven-year war to pacify the savages and in one battle with the Seminoles the United States army had more men killed than we have lost in any one conflict in the Philippines. This expansion made a greater America, and it became still greater when the United States stretched out its arms and took to its bosom the struggling Republic of Texas and drove the Mexican back into his own country. It was greater America when the army of Kearney started from Missouri for an eight months' march of a thousand miles across the continent, and, after suffering every kind of hardship, took possession of California.

It was greater America when Scott's army from Vera Cruz and that of Taylor from the Rio Grande River, marched to the capital of Mexico and, after an unexampled series of victories, dictated the terms of a most generous peace. Again greater America paid for the land she had conquered the right to occupy and hold. To Mexico the United States paid fifteen million dollars for the territory north of Arizona and seven millions more for what we acquired by the purchase concluded by Mr. Gadsden, our Minister to Mexico, some ten years later. By reason of all these great advances and struggles the United States has to-day on one side the Atlantic, and on the other the Pacific Ocean. It was a great day for America when Admiral Dewey, in obedience to the order of the Commander-in-Chief to search out and destroy the fleet of Spain in the Philippines, entered the Port of Manila and made the "Olympia" the May Day Queen of all the navies of the world. It was a great day, too, when Cervera made the second Spanish discovery of America on the Southern coast of Cuba, and I pause to say that when Admiral

Dewey destroyed ten fighting ships of Spain in the Bay of Manila, and when the Atlantic squadron assailed the Cristobal Colon, the Maria Teresa, Viscaya, Almirante Oquendo, the Furor and Terror, and in half of a day strewed them on the Cuban waters like the wrecked galleys of Antony upon the shores of Actium; took eighteen hundred prisoners; destroyed eight hundred lives and twenty million dollars' worth of Spanish property, as an answer to the dastardly destruction of the white ship that lay at a peaceful anchor in the harbor of Havana, I approved for the first and only time in my life of the ratio of sixteen to one.

Who wonders that the American nation is a fighting nation? Its life has been marked by struggles, and its battlefields are found from Canada to Mexico. There must be something in heredity, for never since the sun shone upon nations have armies more brave been gathered together from a body of such peace-loving people or conducted with greater skill than American armies commanded by American generals. While there are other peoples who exult in their military history and their success in arms, yet I venture to say that if the war now going on in South Africa had been waged by an American army and led by American generals, it might have been ended three months ago. And now shall we remain confined by the oceans that wash the shores of our country? Is the fact that water is on either side of the continent to keep us forever from passing over it to other lands? There was a time when oceans separated nations. To-day the oceans unite rather than separate them. Our orator said to-day that time and space have been annihilated by steam and the electric cable. It takes no longer to send a steamship to the Philippines than it does to send a ship load of passengers from San Francisco to Dawson City. I should have spoken before of the territorial acquisition of Alaska, but I pause now to say that probably no statesman of his or any other times was more seriously assailed by his contemporaries than was Mr. Seward for his purchase of the Territory of Alaska from the Imperial government of Russia for a consideration of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. It was land that could only be reached by water; was thousands of miles away, and frozen within the arctic circle. Mr. Seward declared it would require more than a quarter of a century for the American people

to learn to appreciate the value of this acquisition, and he was right; for it is to-day only begun to be valued at its true worth, and, indeed, Great Britain has been almost ready to go to war with us to cut out of it a harbor where its Northwest Territory can reach salt water. For the seven millions paid Russia for this splendid territory the United States and its citizens have, in one way or another, according to recent reports, realized one hundred and forty million dollars from Mr. Seward's purchase, and yet hardly an indentation has been made by American enterprise upon its soil. Why do we talk of distance? Mr. President, it is nearly as far by ocean, through Dutch Harbor and the coast to Cape Nome, as it is from San Francisco to the Philippines, and yet there are waiting to-day upon the shores of the Pacific probably sixty thousand men, and every vessel and steamer that can meet the requirements of the navigation laws is waiting, for the breaking up of the arctic winter to transport this volunteer army of civilization to the shores of Alaska, to draw from it the vast wealth it is ready to pour into the lap of this great country of ours. Why talk of distance? The pioneers who crossed the deserts from St. Joseph to the mountains of California left there early in the springtime and for six long months fought their way across the plains, leaving behind them more bones of men and animals than the white-crested waves that lift themselves between us and the Philippines. I was proud of you, sir (turning to President Schurman), when you said that where the flag of our country has been planted, so far as you were concerned, it should forever remain. My heart responded to that sentiment. No American citizen loves the flag of his country more than I do. To me, as to every true American, the national ensign has the same meaning whether its white stripes stiffen under the pale coruscations of the Arctic aurora or its red bands blush a deeper crimson beneath the passionate kisses of an equatorial sun. To him, wherever it is borne, from State to Territory, from continent to archipelago, from the fields of commerce to those of battle, from the bright day of prosperity to the darkness of an adverse night, under sun or stars, it speaks a single language and utters a solitary prophecy. As to the rapt vision of Constantine there shone in the heavens the sacred emblem of humanity's redemption and above it a sure promise of victory in its name—as to the far away watchers of Natal's beleaguered city the elec-

tric chirography of science wrote in dazzling characters upon the clouds that lowered above it the inspiring message that all was yet well with those who waited within its well-defended trenches for the music of the bugles and the cannon of the delivering hosts of England, so to the true American his flag is the perpetual symbol of his abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of liberty, justice, religion, and the pursuit of happiness, and an unfailing assurance that all is and shall be forever well wherever it is found. Wherever the flag goes there we go and with it the civilization and the commerce of our native land. I wish you could see the wharves of San Francisco. I can remember when it was a sight that excited almost as much attention as a band of music when freight was carried to an Orient-bound steamer. To-day every wharf is trembling beneath the burden of American manufactures, of American products, American flour and American lumber. The mills on the northwest coast have to-day for the Orient more orders for lumber than they could fill if they ran exclusively upon these orders for two years from the first day of January, 1900. We are shipping the products of our manufactures—machinery of all kinds, furniture and food, of every description—whatever can be used by the human family. Indeed, I was struck the other day with astonishment when, looking at one of those new Japanese steamers, to see that she was taking on board for Hongkong hundreds of cases of Mellin's food for infants. This diet may be the progenitor of a new system of nourishment that will make the Asiatic, sooner or later, sufficiently well fed to be capable of American citizenship. Indeed, I know no race that is incapable of improvement under the American system. Our nation has, since 1821, assimilated, digested and made good citizens of millions of Irishmen, and a stomach that can digest them can take care of anything. I do not wish by this to be understood as reflecting upon that race, for it is a great one. It has done its own and England's fighting for two hundred years, and the Irish-American citizen has fought as well for American supremacy as if he or his progenitors had come over in the Mayflower. There is in this country a wonderful power of assimilation. I do not know whether it is through the climate or the political constitution of the country, but it receives and Americanizes men of every race, from Sweden to Java, and all of them in time become good citizens. Therefore,

why need we fear? For myself I do not. I believe in our institutions. I believe in the boundless capacity of our system of government to develop and nourish all that is good in man. I passed through seven States of the United States that I might be here to-night. Along the whole route there was no line of demarkation between them. You never knew, except by reference to the railroad guide and station announcements, that you had passed from California to Nevada, from Nevada to Utah, from Utah to Wyoming and all the way through their long succession, for it was one united country. We spent a million lives and three thousand million dollars to decide that ours was a united and indivisible nation and when the controversy was settled, and Mr. Lincoln struck the shackles from six million bondsmen, we settled the race question forever; and I believe the American people will support the policy that has been pursued and is now pursued by the President of the United States. I am sure that in the section from which I come you cannot find a single pessimist, if I except President Jordan of Stanford University. Our people are all expansionists. They may be Republicans or they may be Democrats, but they are all expansionists, and I look this year to see a vote as nearly unanimous for Mr. McKinley's re-election in our part of the country as was given to Washington when he was elected President of the United States for his second term.

I will occupy no more of your time and in conclusion I give you the sentiment: American freedom, justice, liberty under the law, and the flag of our country to wave until its field shall be so crowded with stars that the white shall obliterate the blue.

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#### GREAT IN WAR.

PRESIDENT CARY: Whatever may be said of Chicago's boastfulness, she has never been found boasting of her spiritual pre-eminence. Not that she does not possess it, but because she has preferred to confine herself to those things which can be seen and verified. But we always have been proud of our clergymen, of their high character and ability, and although many of them have been snatched away from us from time to time, by New York and Brooklyn and other cities in their reck-

less and hopeless efforts at rivalry, we have always had an abundant supply left, for we have made reprisals, and have some captures of our own, and I believe it is true that these captive clergymen admit that in their captivity here they have enjoyed more liberty than in any freedom they have known elsewhere. We have one of these captive clergymen with us to-night, and I think he will testify that he has come among an appreciative people, and that the atmosphere has warmed toward him into one of sincere admiration and affection. He will speak to us on the militant theme "Great in War." I do not know but I ought to say to him that the preacher here is not required to stick any more closely to his text than he is accustomed to elsewhere. We will listen to the Rev. William J. McCaughan.

REV. WILLIAM J. McGAUGHAN: Mr. President and Gentlemen: I think there was some mistake in asking me to make any remarks under this theme. I am convinced of that for more than one reason, because to-day I find that the President and the other members of the committee had no conception of my nationality or in all probability I would not have been requested to speak at all, for they decided in spite of my protest that, since I had been in Chicago somewhat over a year and was neither appointed a policeman nor elected an alderman, I could not be an Irishman. I presumed that I was asked by the Secretary to speak on this subject because it is supposed people generally, and ministers especially, can talk best on subjects they know nothing about. He added insult to injury by suggesting that I should discuss some modern American generals as well as Washington. He evidently imagined my powers of assimilation were in proportion to the powers of assimilation of the American nation if he thought that in a year I had got sufficiently accustomed to your estimate of your generals to be able to contrast them with the founder of your nation. I disputed long and seriously whether he meant me to compare him to General Shafter or to General Otis. However, the subject from the standpoint of a Britisher is doubtless a subject we look at in a different way from that in which you look at it. Washington as a soldier possessed certain contradictory characteristics not often found combined in the individual, and that, perhaps, more than anything else, led to his

great success in war. It is seldom you find a man who is reticent and at the same time competent to inspire admiration, almost adoration in his fellow men. All great generals have been more or less reticent. Frederick the Great said if he thought his nightcap knew his plans he would burn it, and that has been the characteristic of most of those who have been successful in war. But their very reticence has frequently been the secret of estrangement between generals and their soldiers, and where their campaigns have been lengthened, the relationship has been strained and there has been wanting that perfect affection, that heroic devotion, which the Colonial army ever manifested toward Washington. Not only did this reticence combine itself with the power to inspire admiration, but you find Washington also had another unusual combination of characteristics. He paid remarkable attention to details. Many men who are great at details, when it comes to generalities, are altogether at sea. But Washington, like Wellington, was a man who could consider the smallest things as well as the greatest, and the concentration of his attention on the trivialities of warfare in nowise lessened his capacity to grasp its more significant movements. In other words, his attention to the little intricacies essential to successful campaigning in no way assumed too great a place in his consideration—were not, in other words, taken out of their true perspective. Wellington had that characteristic when in his Indian campaigns he paid attention to every detail, and it was said had studied with care the smallest things. When he found there was one nail extra in each horse's shoe, he figured out how many tons of iron that meant extra for the bullocks to carry, and ordered it to be stricken out. That was an incident which illustrated his capacity to deal with detail, but it in no way lessened Wellington's capacity to deal with the larger issues essential to a true general. It was the same with Washington. There are many other characteristics, but there is only one thing more to which I would refer. Few nations have really been founded by warriors who can look to their founders as the ideal of citizenship. Among the nations of the world, there are but two—the American nation and the Dutch nation—that can look to the founders of their nationality as men who can be held up to their youth to be imitated in all departments of life. Charlemagne was a

great general and a great king, but no one wants to be a modern Charlemagne, and no Frenchman thinks of Charlemagne as an ideal personality. Peter the Great did much for Russia, and he was great in many respects, but who wants to make Peter the Great the hero of his home? Who wants to hold him up as the ideal of morality? William the Conqueror came to England with his invading hosts. He was a successful warrior and a wonderful administrator. He proved himself the founder of a great monarchy, but who wants to be a modern William the Conqueror? Washington, like William the Silent, Prince of Orange, stands out as a man among men who may be imitated in the camp and in the home, in war and in peace, in the council chamber and in the tent, and all American citizens cannot do better than strive to reincarnate the founder of their nation in every generation as it comes.

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#### LAFAYETTE.

PRESIDENT CARY: It is told that one of Peru's heroes had so endeared himself to his country and those with whom and for whom he fought, by service, sacrifice and the tragic manner of his death that they resolved his name should never be dropped from the roll of the living. Accordingly, on each general muster of the army, his name is called, an officer steps sharply to the front, and, pointing upwards, answers:

"Absent, but accounted for. He is with the immortals."

So, too, when the name of Lafayette is called, every true American heart will respond: "He is with the immortals"—there by virtue of his great soul, his service and sacrifice not only for us, but for the cause of liberty and popular government throughout the world.

No one contributed more than he by service here and influence abroad to the final successful issue of the great struggle for independence. No one was nearer to Washington, or shared more fully his confidence, and it is fitting that his name should have a place in every celebration in honor of his great chief.

The youngest General of the Revolutionary Army—a Major-General before he was twenty years old—it is also fitting that the toast to his name should be responded to by the youngest on

our list of orators—a gentleman who is a new comer to our city, to whom we extend that cordial welcome and opportunity with which Chicago always greets new arrivals of genius and merit. I name Mr. John Maxey Zane, of Chicago.

MR. JOHN MAXEY ZANE: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Union League Club:

The coming year promises to see a statue erected in the French capitol by Americans to the memory of Lafayette. It will be another instance of the many by which our countrymen have shown their appreciation of his character, their unfailing gratitude for his zealous labors in behalf of this nation. It is especially fitting that on this anniversary we should remember this man of an alien race to whom Washington gave a full trust and a warm regard. Whatever may be Lafayette's shortcomings as a French leader, we remember him as the benefactor of America, the earnest disciple of Washington. What American is there but loves to recall the brave youth of only 19 years, who left all that high station, ample fortune and distinguished ancestry could give him at the most splendid court in Europe, in order that he might cast his lot with us, fighting for independence? His eager zeal in France for our benefit, the welcome succor in money and men, the army of Rochambeau, the fleet of De Grasse, which he, more than any other, helped Franklin to gain for us, his faithful and devoted service as a Revolutionary soldier, his bleeding body borne from the battle-field of Brandywine, the skillful generalship of the campaign in Virginia, the bravery that led the assault at Yorktown—these are the pictures that rise before our minds, and fill our hearts with tenderness and reverence as we toast his memory tonight.

He has left to us and to his country a name that is worthy of veneration, the heritage of a singularly pure and disinterested life. He loved liberty for itself alone. With a sympathy as boundless as the sea, his love of freedom embraced the oppressed in every land. He liberated his own slaves at Cayenne, he strove earnestly to abolish servitude in all the French colonies. In a day when every Frenchman seemed given over wholly to self-seeking, he put behind him the proffered power of dictatorship; when all Frenchmen were taking oath one day to support what they trampled upon the next, when boastful patriotism was too

often "the sole refuge of the scoundrel," he, at least, was faithful to his sworn duty, and gave his whole thought to his country's service. When all France a little later was fawning before the victorious Corsican soldier, he alone refused the splendid rewards of wealth and high command which were lavished upon the marshals of the empire. And, strangest thing of all, in an age of universal corruption of manners and more than French looseness of morals, he was that profoundly curious being—a Frenchman who respected the seventh commandment, a Frenchman of manly morality and domestic virtue.

Born a member of a privileged order, a noble of vast wealth, and allied to the highest families in France, he gave himself freely to the cause of the poor and the oppressed. He offered his rank, his wealth, almost his life, as a sacrifice to that cause. Sad, indeed, is it to recall the issue for him of the Revolution, which began under such happy auspices and which he did so much to further. When that awful reservoir of France, in which were gathered the turbid waters of the rage, the hate, the brutality, the vengeance of centuries of oppression, burst its bounds it swept away beneath its flood all that was best and purest and noblest in national life. The blood-stained miscreants who gained control, the atheists who masqueraded as priests, the savage madmen who ruled as law-givers, knew neither pity, nor mercy, nor remorse, but butchered alike the high-souled patriot, the blameless magistrate, the enlightened scholar, the little children, the tender and helpless women. Fleeing from these monsters of cruelty, Lafayette fell into the clutches of the Austrian. Even his enemies felt compassion for those long years of suffering in the dungeon of Olmutz. Liberated at last, he came back to France, to live under a more imperious, a more heartless despotism than any Bourbon had ever inflicted upon that unhappy country. Bourbon succeeded Corsican, but no ray of hope ever came to cheer the desolate home where Lafayette sat in obscurity and poverty, his very name despised by the fickle race whom he had served so well. It is true, as Lowell sings : "Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls, who  
                        who stood alone,

While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone."

But in this country across the seas, his branch had not with-

ered. It is a common saying that republics are ungrateful, but in one, at least, the saying is untrue. Americans had never forgotten Lafayette's services to them. In the dark days of the Terror, while he was buried in a dungeon, his fortune confiscated, and his family reduced to destitution, the American Minister to France, Gouverneur Morris, placed the prisoner above want, and to Madam Lafayette and her family gave the grateful assistance of ample means. And when this gentle lady was cast into prison and about to be hurried to the guillotine, which had drunk the blood of her mother and grandmother, it was the same Minister who saved her life from the savage leaders of republican France. During those same years, the son was provided for in this country at the home of Hamilton, and at Mount Vernon. No effort was spared by our foreign ministers to secure Lafayette's release from prison. It may not be known to some of us that he was carried until his death upon the rolls of our army as a Major-General. President Jefferson offered him the post of Governor of the newly purchased Territory of Louisiana. Many square miles of land were given him near where New Orleans now stands. Finally, after long years, he revisited the land to which he had given his youth, and found solace in the knowledge that he was not forgotten. He was showered with the gifts of a nation's gratitude—broad lands and moneys in amplest measure. He passed from city to city, from state to state, the nation's guest, everywhere received with enthusiastic affection. He listened to the eloquent greetings of finished orators. He heard from the lips of the polished Everett "that throughout America there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name." Daniel Webster paused in the full tide of his whole oratory at Bunker Hill to say: "We have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues." After this splendid outpouring of national gratitude he returned to his native land to find that he had again become an object of affectionate interest to his own people, and to hold for the remainder of his life an honored place in his country's councils. Called to head another revolution, he established, without bloodshed, what he believed was a stable government, and died filled with the hope that under Louis Philippe his distracted country, after years of misery, had found peace. Yet a few years and France was again to pass from

revolution to anarchy, from anarchy to military despotism, from despotism to ruin, and again the rule of the ferocious mob. Truly, the life and sacrifices not of Lafayette alone, but of many another French patriot, seem to have been made in vain.

Lafayette had many and great virtues, but we would not be faithful to his memory did we not recognize that he made one great mistake. It may be that men of the Anglo-Saxon blood and men of the serious Germanic races generally cannot truly sympathize with the fickleness, the frivolity, the bombast of French character. The lack of steadiness and balance, the boastfulness in victory, the utter despair in defeat, the latent savagery when the bonds are loosed, that disfigure the national character of Frenchmen, have been emphasized in the century that is now passing away. Lafayette had seen in this country the self-control under victory, the steadiness under defeat, which is our English heritage. He had seen the love of law and order, the respect for personal freedom, the protections thrown around the individual and his rights and property as against the government, which is the tradition of Anglo-Saxon liberty. He had seen the actions of a people who were fit to be free; and with that crude theorizing which was the French fashion one hundred years ago, he fondly trusted that every people needed but the benefits of freedom to show itself worthy of that great trust. In this he was mistaken, and utterly misled. We have learned from experience that freedom can be grossly abused, that numberless crimes can be committed in the name of liberty, and that a government may call itself a republic and yet be a more ruthless despotism than Russia under the Czars. Even in our own blessed land, the utter collapse of universal suffrage in the government of large cities, and the pillage of our municipalities by the corrupt dispensers of municipal plunder, have not left thinking men that serene, complacent faith in majority rule which they would be glad to cherish. To use an illustration of today, it will be admitted by everyone except the blustering demagogues or the dreamy doctrinaires that this nation would be guilty of an unpardonable crime against civilization should it leave Cuba or the Philippines to the chaos of self-government. But France was little more fitted for a republican form of government in 1789 than are the Cubans and Filipinos today. Liberty is worthy of the name only when it is joined with order, with justice, with

mercy, with civilization. This is the true, the beautiful Flower of Liberty.

“The blades of heroes fence it round  
Where'er it springs is holy ground.”

A government in France republican in form was reduced to the hideous tyranny of Robespierre. The ridiculous antics of the French Assembly disgusted faithful friends of freedom such as Washington. Their unprovoked assaults upon this country brought us to the verge of war, and called Washington from Mount Vernon to head again the armies of the United States. A howling mob of filthy rabble in the gallery dictated the decrees of the French chamber. Foreign ministers were compelled to present their credentials upon the floor of the Assembly, and were there given the fraternal embrace by the presiding officer, and ignominiously kissed upon both cheeks by that wretched functionary. Such travesties recall the emphatic objection of our celebrated fellow townsman Dooley to French procedure: “No man shall kiss me, Hennessy, and live.” Ministers of war, of the marine, of justice, and of foreign affairs were appointed by vote taken at the command of the uproarious gallery. Some blatant demagogue who had never seen a cannon or a ship found himself minister of war or of the navy. Their talk of the sacred rights of man was the merest pretense. The very slaves whom Lafayette liberated were confiscated and sold again into slavery. In some mysterious way it came to be believed in France that any riotous mob, burning and killing, was the French people engaged in governing itself. The refusal to shoot at a mob was then, as it is today, the besetting weakness of France. When the savage Parisian populace, the depraved men and abandoned women of a great city, burst into the palace of Versailles, while Lafayette with his army was solemnly guarding the place, it was no doubt a thoroughly French performance for Lafayette to lead forth the Queen upon a balcony and appease the mob by kissing her hand, but he would have been a manlier spectacle had he been at the head of his troops mowing down the mob with cannon. Yet the army was little better than the mob. Lafayette complained to Morris that he thought his troops would follow him into battle, but he could not induce them to mount guard when it was raining. Can it be strange that France passed through her fearful deluge of blood, until an

iron soldier came to deliver her from her abject condition and restore order? These are the lessons which are written in blood for our guidance today in governing peoples incapable of governing themselves.

"New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth;

We must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth."

It surely is not unbecoming in us to recognize that Lafayette was not equal to the crisis when he held in his hand the destinies of France. There is no sadder or truer saying than "many are called, few are chosen." His mistake lay in not recognizing that no government is fit to exist unless it can make its authority paramount in preserving an orderly administration of the law. This may be an excuse for the fact that Frenchmen have never shown much appreciation of Lafayette's essential nobleness of soul. For a few years after his death a sort of fountain or pump, dribbling intermittently a little stream of water, stood in the Avenue des Invalides. It was crowned with a bust of Lafayette. But in 1840 when, with vast pomp, the ashes of the great Napoleon were brought from St. Helena to repose in the sarcophagus of gilt and marble beneath the magnificent dome of the Invalides, the fountain and the bust were thrown into a cellar in order that they might not impede the triumphant progress of the mighty procession. Even as the great Corsican trampled upon Lafayette living, so the ashes of "Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay," thrust aside the sole memorial of the only Frenchman who had the courage to withstand him.

But we may all try to indulge the hope that, after many, many years, even after her last frightful debauch, France is forgetting her love of military despotism, and is gaining some measure of self-control. To that tendency Americans will contribute by the erection of a statue to recall to France the life of one of her purest and most unselfish sons. His image, "graven by a cunning hand," is to stand within the precinct of the stately palace of the Louvre, near by those walls which inclose so much that is illustrious and ennobling in human effort in the world of art. His body lies in its humble place by the side of his faithful wife, whose life is such a touching "tale of woman's devotion," who came to his lonely dungeon to cheer its gloom, and passed such

years of privation and horror there that she came forth a broken woman, doomed soon to pass to an early grave. Beside that grave it is fitting that Lafayette's tomb should remain, there his fame like the memory of all just men shall blossom in the dust; but his statue standing in the greatest of all the glittering capital's great places will serve as a lesson—an eternal lesson—to Frenchmen, that one of the greatest of them remained faithful, while the chosen ministers at freedom's altar betrayed her; an eternal lesson that a man to be truly revered should disregard the glittering bribes of title, of wealth, of selfishness and power, and live nobly for noble ends; an eternal lesson that the rights of the humblest or the highest citizen are not less because his liberty or his life is demanded as a sacrifice to the madness of the hour and the clamor of the deluded multitude. There let us hope they may ponder upon Lafayette's courage, his self-devotion, his unrequited sacrifices, his zeal for freedom, for justice, for the happiness of his country, there they may meditate upon the life of many another, such as he, pure, stainless and devoted son of France,

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Becomes religion, and the heart runs o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old,  
The dead but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns."

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### THE OLD FLAG.

PRESIDENT CARY: Gentlemen: The next toast is, "The Old Flag"—not "the old flag with an appropriation"—that is not our motto—but the Old Flag whose other name is Old Glory. The flag which is now the emblem of liberty and union at home, power abroad, and of justice and humanity everywhere; a flag which knows no defeat, and whose history conveys no suggestion of surrender, cowardice, or shrinking in the presence of any duty or responsibility which the march of events or the outcome of war may bring or has brought.

This toast will be responded to by a gentleman from Vicksburg—historic Vicksburg, where brothers fought against brothers, not in anger, but for a cause each had made his own, and the courage, valor and persistence which each displayed there

only illustrated how invincible and irresistible they would be when joined as now in a common fealty and how safe this flag will be in their common guardianship and keeping.

I introduce one of the South's famous orators—Hon. Murray F. Smith.

HON. MURRAY F. SMITH: In responding to the toast of "The Old Flag," the emblem of the great country over which it waves at this impressive period of the nation's life, the close of one century and the beginning of another, our thought naturally dwells on a comparison of the conditions which now prevail with those at the dawn of the last century. At that time we had barely launched our government, admittedly an experiment, and so feeble were the ties that bound the states to the Union that threats were constantly made that this or that measure was in violation of the compact, and if insisted upon, that some state dissatisfied therewith would withdraw from the Union. Hardly a session of Congress passed without some senator or representative indulging in such threats, and commencing with the Hartford convention and coming down to the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature upon the admission of Texas into the Union in 1845, this doctrine was unhesitatingly announced.

There could be but one result from such a formative condition—a trial of the question that so vexed our early history was inevitable. Hence we had secession; war followed, the Union was saved, and our flag at last floated over an indissoluble Union, composed of indestructible states. The latent spirit of nationalism awoke to new life. We have ceased to look with fear upon the growth of the nation. We have relegated to the past the idea that this growth in some way imperils the rights of the states and thereby endangers the liberties of the citizen. On the contrary, the tendency now is rather to look to the nation to suppress evils the suppression of which properly belongs to the states.

We are today a nation in the fullest and broadest sense of the word. There lives not within the borders of any state a single citizen who does not thank God that this condition exists. Every citizen, when he glances aloft and sees our national flag, beautiful in its simplicity and marvelously appropriate in design, feels the blood quicken in his veins and involuntarily recalls its glo-

rious and ineffaceable history, a history that tells of no wanton aggression, no cruel tyranny, but of a steadily increasing, happy and contented citizenship.

The century just past has taught us other lessons besides that of nationalism. Out of all the discussions of the multitude of questions arising in the past, and involving the policy of the nation from time to time, history will show that, in the main, the questions have been in the end rightly settled. The sober second thought of the American people has in the past been unerringly right, and we can look to the future with absolute confidence that this nation will do the right thing at the right time.

There has never been a crisis in our history in the last hundred years that numbers of able, earnest and patriotic citizens have not predicted dire disaster to the country if some certain course should be pursued. Nevertheless the people have thought for themselves, disregarded these prophecies of evil, and time has vindicated the wisdom of their decision. Tolerance for difference of opinion exists, because out of this difference arises discussion, and out of discussion right results have been achieved. Thus, as the result of this one hundred years' experience, we have a nation, great, powerful and expanding, governed by a people ripe in experience and with precedents to guide them in any emergency, approved by the test of actual experience.

I do not assert that there are no conditions which might not be changed for the better, that mistakes have not been made, but what I do assert is that as experience shows the necessity of change, discussion of the measure of this necessity increases, tolerance is exercised, and finally the change is made if the people are convinced that the welfare of the nation demands it. It will not do to assert that we are infallible; that mistakes have not been made in the adjustment of crises which have risen up for us to master. In that greatest of all the tests of our talent for just and enduring legislation, in time of passion and strife, the reconstruction of the Union harmoniously with the arbitrament of arms, it was no more than natural that the pendulum should swing too far. The proof that it did this is found in the commonly noted and deplorable fact that the old slave states were left in a condition which, to this day, creates a great gulf in the

way of independence of political thought. My faith in the genius of the people inspires me to think and hope that the time is approaching when a change will be made which will relieve the South from a condition which places bonds upon thought, narrows the scope of discussion of public questions, and absolutely prohibits independence in political conduct. Thirty years ago, in the heat of excitement engendered by a great civil war, for the first time the Federal Constitution undertook to fetter the states in the matter of suffrage. The result of this has been that in the South a vast majority of the intelligent and best citizens of that portion of the Union are forced to act and vote with one party. It will not do to say that this cannot last, for it has lasted for thirty years, and speaking from personal observation and experience, I say I see no chance for a change, so long as the fundamental law remains as it now is. The citizen is as much the creature of his political conditions as he is of his physical conditions. The Northern man, when he comes South, realizes the situation and inevitably aligns himself with his Southern neighbor. Recently I was talking on this line with a New Yorker, who moved to Georgia about five years ago. When he lived in New York he was a Republican. A brother of his, an ardent Democrat, moved West. A short time ago there was a family reunion in New York state, and these two brothers commenced to talk politics. The Western man announced that he was a Republican, the Georgian said "I am a local Democrat." One brother, from his surroundings, could change completely, the other unwillingly was forced to a partial change.

This change in the fundamental law was made by the North, and if we are ever to go back to the idea of the fathers, that suffrage is a matter for the states, the movement must originate and be carried out by the North. But come what may, we of the South will do our best to solve or render innocuous this grave problem as it now exists, and with an eye single to the best interests of the whole country. We are in our father's home, and under the flag that our fathers loved so well.

We have proven our loyalty to the Union and devotion to the Old Flag in the late war, and the motives of the South, in asking for this change, cannot be fairly questioned. Our young men eagerly volunteered in the service of their country, and rallied by

the thousands to the defense of the Old Flag. In my Congressional District a greater number of men volunteered in the late war than from any other Congressional District in the Union, taking into consideration the total number of white men in the district. We have in my city a volunteer company formed long prior to the breaking out of the Mexican war. It fought in the battles of that war, and when the Civil war commenced it was one of the first companies to volunteer on the Southern side. When the war with Spain was declared, it was the first company in Mississippi to volunteer, and it was a touching sight to see the few old survivors of the Civil war, and a very few of the Mexican war, follow their sons and grandsons to the depot and see them enthusiastically dedicate them to the service of the country, and to hear them exhort them to defend the Old Flag.

Recently I was traveling through the mountains of Virginia, over the Norfolk & Western Railroad. It was a bleak, wintry day, and the sky was overcast with clouds. As the train rounded the point of a hill, a small family burying ground came into view. The rude inclosure around it contained probably half a dozen graves. One was newer-looking than the others, but it had no stone, nor even headboard, to mark the name, or tell who lay buried there; but one thing did distinguish it from its fellows in that humble little inclosure, and illumined it with a halo of sentiment and glory—above it floated a little, weather-beaten, cambric flag, and that flag was the "Stars and Stripes." He who rested beneath its folds had died in the service of his country, and his relatives, too poor to put this fact in letters graven on stone, but justly proud of his glorious death, selected this method of making known to the passer-by that he who slumbered there was one of the nation's heroes. This is the spirit of the South, and let no man challenge her loyalty to the Union, or her devotion to the Old Flag.

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#### THE EAST AND WEST.

PRESIDENT CARY: Gentlemen: What the East is we have seen and know, but the West, like to-morrow, no man has ever found or seen. Early in the century it was supposed to be somewhere out in Ohio. Those who sought it there were told that it was in Illinois or Indiana, or Wisconsin. Still fol-

lowing they found that it had crossed the Mississippi, the Missouri, taken rapid strides over prairie and plain, leaped the mighty mountains and lighted on the Pacific Slope. But it is not there, and they are now seeking it in the remotest islands of the sea. Vain search! For only they who overtake the setting sun will ever find the West. We need not be surprised if some morning we shall find it has reached round the globe and greets us with the rising orb of day.

A native of New York, I shall have great pleasure in introducing an eminent citizen of that state to respond to this toast. Although his state is large, its boundaries have not been wide enough to confine his fame. It has crowned him with great distinction, but many think they see now hovering over his head honors and a halo which no state can give—which only the nation can bestow.

I introduce the Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff, Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York.

HON. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Union League Club: Coming from the Eastern metropolis to address the Union League Club of the great metropolis of the West on a subject of such limitless possibilities as those embraced within the scope of the subject assigned me, imposes a task as great as any to which I have ever been subjected. In the circumstances which surround my coming I should have given a different answer to the highwayman who once held up a stranger as he was about to enter the city of Chicago, demanding his money or his life. "Go ahead," said the stranger, "and blow out my brains; I would rather go into Chicago without brains than without money." Sincerely do I appreciate immunity from an experience of this character and rejoice in having been accorded the privileges of meeting the members of the Union League Club of Chicago, whose guests are never called upon to suffer either financial or physical fracture, unless it may be the latter, and that through over indulgence in its lavish hospitality. As a member of both the Union League Clubs of New York and Brooklyn I bear to you fraternal greetings.

For years we have heard sinister threats against our most cherished institutions and have witnessed attempts of socialism

to revive between the East and the West the spirit of sectionalism which in 1861 brought into life all over the North Union League clubs to aid in the preservation of the Union. Born to save the republic from the efforts to disrupt it, these clubs have lived and multiplied to preserve us in the closing days of the century from repudiation and national dishonor. We can never be too grateful to these associations of loyal and courageous men who have made it possible for us to meet tonight under one flag to rejoice together at our nation's glorious deliverance from its most insidious enemies at home; to glory in her marvelous achievements abroad, and to confer together for the continuance of her integrity and her prestige among the nations of the world.

In the present great outburst of American patriotism, South as well as North, the name "Union League" again becomes an inspiration. As the power and glory of Democracy fades away more and more in the obscurity of the past and the great Republican Union League inherits added glory from our recent history and acquires new impulse from the present triumphant hour, we may expect in the near future the application of the term "Union League" to clubs having their happy homes in the Sunny South. Far from inconsistent would be such a consummation in view of the recent mobilization on the bloody field of Chickamauga, of the "boys in blue" and the "boys in gray"; in view of our representation simultaneously at the court of Madrid by the Northern general, Stewart L. Woodford, and at Havana by the Southern general, Fitzhugh Lee, who voiced the true American sentiment of the hour when, leaving Cuba, he shouted to the Spaniards, "Just wait until we come back and you'll whistle a different tune"; and in view of the council of war before the fortifications of Santiago in which among the chief participants were General Shafter, of northern Michigan, and General Joe Wheeler, of southern Alabama—Wheeler, who so courteously introduced the Federal major, the Northern President of the United States, to his people of the South, that we hear the President calling upon the people of the East and West to cherish the memory and guard the graves of the Southern dead.

The dreams of our Republican statesmen, philosophers and laborers for reform along the whole line of human endeavor are rapidly approaching a fuller realization than ever before. The achievements of the Republican party in the past have been but

stepping-stones to its full development during this the last administration of the nineteenth century. Both as a party and as a nation we must seek to achieve for others as well as for ourselves. Is it impossible that there can be any disinterested national effort? It is impossible that there can be any unselfish effort for the public good? Indeed for what other purpose are you Republicans banded together in this powerful political association of men called the Union League Club of Chicago? The cynic may say it is for yourselves, but when one reflects upon your tireless efforts to secure a better and more perfect government of this municipality, of your state and of the nation, and how patiently you have contributed of your time and influence to this, all must respect your disinterestedness and civic courage and accord you the full measure of reward that is due to all true American citizenship.

The East and the West! In his farewell address, Washington, whose birthday we have tonight assembled to celebrate, dwelt upon the importance of one section of the country to every other section, each of which finds its complement in the other. The nation has since grown in population from five millions to eighty-five millions, has spread across the North American continent and even across the Pacific ocean. His argument applies with all its original force to the complement America will find in the islands of the Gulf and of the Pacific. They produce much that we require and we manufacture everything they need. How prophetic then these words from that farewell address: "The East in its intercourse with the West will more and more find a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home, while the West will derive from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the enjoyment of an indispensable outlet for its products to the weight, influence and future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union."

These words of Washington apply to the vast future trade between the opposite shores of the Pacific as well as to the unparalleled commerce which has developed since his day, on the American continent, and yet they were uttered nearly half a century before the Union stretched to the western ocean on which it has a coast line of ten thousand miles, and a wealth and popu-

lation soon to stand as the paramount power of the Pacific. The Mediterranean, so-called because it was the center of the then known world, bearing the commerce of ancient Egypt, Tyre, Athens, Rome, Carthage, Spain, was in time succeeded by the Atlantic as the central sea, until the course of empire in its westward sweep spanned the New World and revealed that mighty ocean which the Old World never knew, destined in the century now rising before us to be the Mediterranean of the globe.

"The East and the West!" Where is the East and where the West of the United States of America in this year of our Lord 1900? The geographical center has been gradually moved from the mid-most point of the three hundred and fifty thousand square miles of the original thirteen colonies, first, to a point half-way across the American continent, thence by the acquisition of Alaska, one hundred and twenty-five miles west of the Golden Gate; until now in starting for the furthestmost domain of the republic, it matters not whether you turn your face toward the rising or the setting sun. A zone of freedom now encircles the world. The patriotism which has welled up from all parts of our common country has forever washed out the sectional lines of latitude which once parted the North from the South and with one more supreme struggle in 1900, like that of 1896, we shall thwart the last effort of any party to substitute a longitudinal sectional line separating the East from the West.

The expansion of the United States, both to the eastward and to the westward, is as natural as has been the expansion of this great city of Chicago. The nation, like the city, or even the town or the village, which does not grow, is the tree that ceases to extend its roots and branches, and like the tree, when growth ceases, decays and dies. The tide in the affairs of nations is like the tide on the shore of the sea; it ebbs when it ceases to flow. All history teaches that a nation is subject to the same laws of growth, of decay and of retrogression. The bridge of old was a tree felled across a stream. The boat was dug out of a log. Expansion is already declared in the great bridges that span our rivers and in the magnificent cruisers that bear the names of your city and mine! Who can stay its onward sweep or stifle its cry of "Westward Ho!"?

The East and the West! We of the East claim you and all of the West as the progeny of the Eastern pioneer. Out of this

relationship have come all the best qualities of both sections. Every great commercial house has "New York and Chicago" on its letterheads. Eastern capital eagerly seeks Western investments and Western capital seeks Eastern enterprises. The East and the West together are developing and concentrating the powers of the present and the potential possibilities of the future.

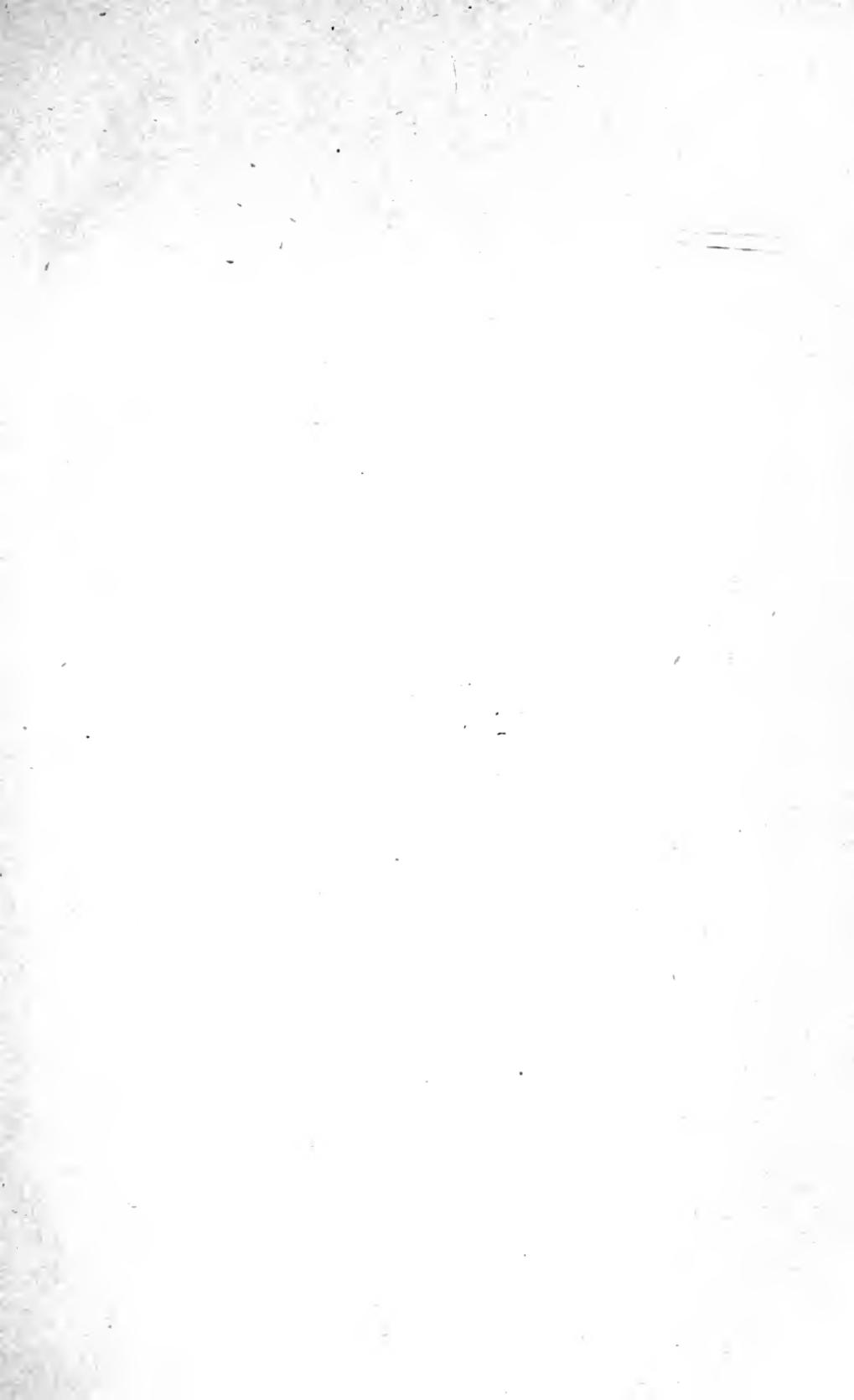
Railways, steamships, telegraphs, telephones and cables have brought the world together. Many a man goes further between his office and his home daily than could be covered in two whole days a century ago. One takes a trip to Europe or to San Francisco with less preparation and far less fatigue than was at that time incident to a journey between New York and Boston or Philadelphia, the principal commercial centers of the continent. When we consider the physical ease with which today the West can be reached from the East we grasp with corresponding mental ease the idea of present day expansion and perceive how lacking in foresight are those who heed the cry of the anti-expansionists.

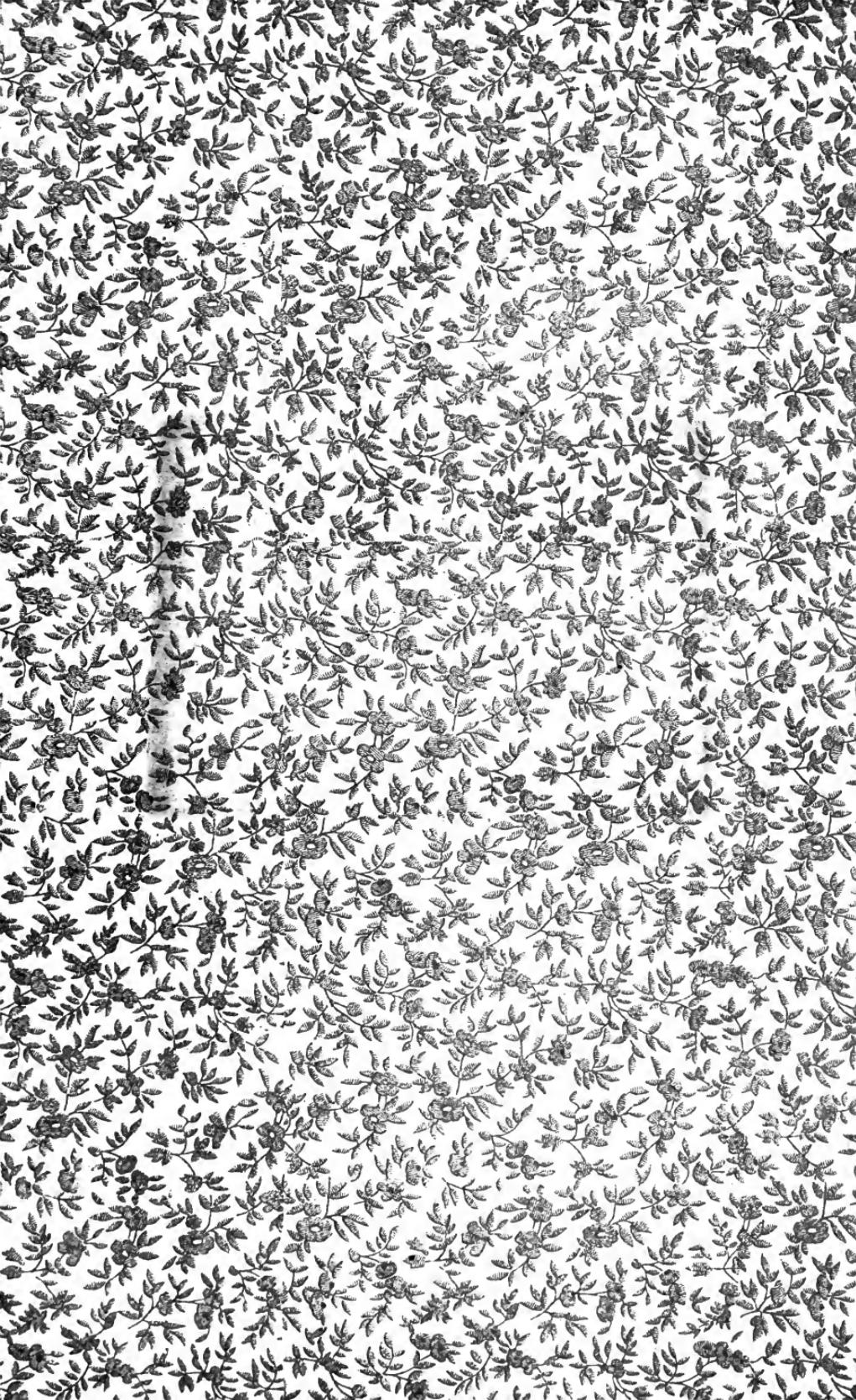
Unless all signs fail the great imperial West will be as Republican in 1900 as was the sound-money East in 1896. Our party has stood by every principle it ever enunciated. Defeated in 1892 we reaffirmed in 1896 the great principle of protection to American industries. Largely on that issue was won the victory which placed in the presidential chair its foremost exponent, who, standing by his guns, went down in defeat only to rise again holding aloft the banner of protection. The wage-earners who voted against the Republican party in 1892 had discovered in 1896 that in bringing down upon their heads the roof that protected both them and their employers, they were exposed to the winds of heaven without protection from the cold, while the employer, though also out in the cold, was better prepared to withstand the storms of adversity. We told the Democrats, as together we viewed the spectacle of the fight between the gold and the silver cats on the top of the chimney of the deserted factory, that we would soon put a stop to that scrap when we lighted the fires of McKinley prosperity. If the fire has not quite singed the silver cat to death it certainly has so enveloped him in smoke that he is no longer visible. Silver as an issue has disappeared, except in the silver tones that issue from the wandering son of Nebraska. There are no more "solid Democrats."

Those who still claim they are are really "silver plated."

The triumph of gold has wrought the glory of the nation! Gold is the setting of the gems in Columbia's diadem. Polished and burnished by the attrition of patriotic rivalry in all parts of our common country, its splendor is more resplendent than ever, undimmed by the shadow of a single sectional line. All the forty-five gems that constitute the cluster reflect a greater glory; augmented by the Pearl of the Antilles and freshly adorned by the jewels of the Orient! In the new and mighty destiny unfolding before us as a nation, emulating as we must the supreme endeavors of the nations of the world at the time of their greatest power, the perfect glory of the future will only come as we do more for mankind and do it better than all the world has ever done.







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